

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



A FRESH ACCOUNT OPENED WITH MADAME JUPON.

THE FERROL FAMILY;
OR, "KEEPING UP APPEARANCES."
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GOLDEN HILLS."

CHAPTER XIII.—OUR NEIGHBOURS' EYES.

AGAIN was the London season at its height. Eddy-
ing through all ranks, the tide of fashion flowed.
Of course Mrs. Euston Ferrol went out a great deal,
because of the position in life which she held, and

Mrs. Hugh Ferrol likewise went out a great deal,
because of the position in life which she was to
achieve. It would never do to have a rising young
physician's wife moping at home, instead of making
friends for herself and her husband abroad: thus
reasoned the imperative mother, Mrs. Carnaby
Pyke, and therewith agreed Hugh himself. The
prestige of good society must advance his fortunes,
and he could not possibly do more, personally, than

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

appear for a few minutes occasionally at an assembly; his practice was supposed to be much too extensive and exacting for any such sacrifice to fashion. And so he stayed at home, chiefly engaged in the very medical employment of perusing the periodicals in his study; while his wife, handsomely dressed and jewelled, represented his interests in public, under the guardianship of her mother.

She was sick of the sham very often: intolerably weary, sometimes, of the effort to seem gay and unconcerned, while her poor heart was aching with a hundred petty anxieties. And though Mrs. Carnaby Pyke was very solicitous about her daughter's standing in the *beau monde*, she was by no means sympathetic on the topic of domestic straitness of means. Perhaps there was policy in her avoidance of such confidences, for she could not have materially aided Agatha: her own family being numerous, and her appearance in society sufficiently imposing to absorb a larger income than Mr. Carnaby Pyke was supposed—at his club and elsewhere—to possess. Her only care for Agatha, at present, was that her wardrobe should be of creditable costliness; but, as she observed, of course the young pair must struggle; and so long as they kept up appearances, nothing else was worth a thought.

Did the young wife ever wish to be openly poor, poor as a peasant, living in some lonely place far from the world's echoes, where there should be no need of the pretences and make-shifts which falsified her whole existence, no myriad eyes of dreaded society upon her, to be propitiated and blindfolded incessantly? She may have desired any reality, however hard, as a relief from the hollow deceit environing her daily life. Heavier than fetters on wrist and ankle it was, and daily increased in tension. The worst result for both husband and wife was the slow-growing irritability of both; the minds ill at ease reacting upon each other in alienating looks and words; the gradual sapping of domestic happiness by secret care, and fear for the future.

Begin by a false action, and there is a sad necessity for its continuance; as the first link of a chain, it draws others after it in numerous procession, increasingly heavy, steadily enlarging—the last harder to break than the earliest. A clever writer terms this acknowledged necessity the world's tribute to truth; because exacting consistency in deception, that it may present an image of the feigned truth. Be this as it may, we know of few things more mournful and wearying than the life which is spent in a perpetual effort to seem what it is not.

In the midst of the gaiety of the season, Mildred sometimes amused herself with thinking how hollow and insincere it all was; everybody tired of everybody else, but must pretend to be pleased and delighted. And the everlasting platitudes, repetitions night after night, of the same speeches, the same deceitful compliments, the same empty nothings—no wonder she was very weary of it sometimes!

Miss Dora Ferrol, her husband's aunt, was on a visit with her about this time. This juvenile-looking lady, who hoped that the world would take her for Euston's elder sister, or at least a coeval cousin

—forgetting that the same world is most rigorous in allowing full and long dates, shrinking not even from addition where necessary, but never guilty of subtraction—was as assiduous as ever in repairing and glossing over the rents of envious time. And a whiter pair of shoulders were not among the fair ones present; nor a more delicate bloom, nor a more artless *chevelure*. Yet, whom did these productions deceive? Not one of the eyes of that society for whose approbation she toiled was hoodwinked for a moment, but penetrated straight through the disguise, to the yellow wrinkled old woman within.

Did not the same keen vision pierce through Agatha's little effort at appearances, and see, with rigid correctness, all that she would fain believe concealed? When Dr. Ferrol had a dinner-party, society knew well that the plate and wines were gotten at an expense of daily privations and future involvements. One pair of its argus orbs, existent in the person of an acute Mrs. Glanvil, resident at the opposite side of the street, was upon the Ferrols' house perpetually. Their quarter of the modern Babylonia was eminently genteel and dreary, being equally removed from the opulent and industrial spheres, but inhabited by the most unexceptionable people. It was a region of high-bred silence, save when carriages drew up to the doors; the vulgarity of trade and of traffic was far from it; a dismalness of the utterest respectability hung over it. One had an intuitive perception that the street was not easy in its circumstances; house dreaded house, lest the domiciled skeleton, swathed in Babylonish garments, should be detected. And so did Mrs. Glanvil, the pretentious wife of a lawyer in moderate practice, hold in awe sundry of her acquaintances—among them, Mrs. Hugh Ferrol: while Mrs. Hugh Ferrol, being of course a unit in the aggregate society, was also slightly feared by Mrs. Glanvil. Thus these good ladies did many things for each other's sakes, went to many expenses from the dread of each other's opinion, yet would neither have confessed to the occult influence. And upon both sat the great social *Vehm-gericht* of—everybody else.

In obedience to which mystic despotism, Mrs. Glanvil screwed and pinched mercilessly behind scenes, that she might in public be profuse and independent. Sons and daughters were trained adepts in the art of appearances: except the unopphisticated youngest, who sometimes marred his parent's fairest semblances with an unlucky revelation; as when he betrayed surprise or pleasure at things which he should have regarded with everyday indifference. For truth has a strong hold in a child's breast: he does not find dissimulation an easy lesson. Mrs. Glanvil had to teach it to her young people with perseverance; afterwards they became hopeful practitioners, repaying her maternal assiduities by devotion to the same cause. Did she contemplate the consequence—a wretched home, full of bickerings and void of love? Discontent was a natural fruit, when comfort was sacrificed to show; and of how many English firesides is this the canker, eating out the core of happiness! nay, how many lives are warped and distorted in their

outset, permanently crookedened from the paths of rectitude, by such early falsity of circumstance!

Without doubt, Hugh Ferrol might trace much of his propensity for display to a similar cause. Overborne for a time, by a common-sense gained in rough rubs with the student-world, his old tacit training to regard "appearances" as the chief thing, resumed sway easily when it seemed to have a foundation of reason. He was now committed to a continuance, as the losing gambler will throw farther and stake heavier, to recover his luck. He was certainly making way in his profession—but slowly; and the hot heart of youth is rarely content to wait, much less when there is upon it a pecuniary pressure. His mother thought him looking worn and ill, when she came up to town for a short visit in the autumn; and was surprised—but wisely showed it not—to see his chagrined manner about trifles, and the frequent acerbity of his disposition. She knew well what was wrong: being in all the arcana of the household, its secret was patent; and a little kindly conversation with Agatha drew it forth in words. Mrs. Hugh had seldom or never any opportunities for confidential confessions—an exercise, of all others, dearest to woman's nature: she had too much proud delicacy to admit her sisters to the knowledge of a trouble involving her husband's affairs. And now that she met with a legitimate confidante, in the person of his mother, the floodgates of long pent-up feeling were opened easily. "It is killing me!" was her passionate expression; and she drooped upon her hands the fair girl-head, wreathed with hair which had not yet lost its sunlight sheen, and gave way to uncontrollable weeping.

Mrs. Ferrol the elder, duplex woman of the world though she was, had still a substratum of good-natured heart; and she did deeply compassionate this poor young creature, laden with a weight of care too heavy for nerve or brain. Also was Mrs. Ferrol shrewd, and had no idea of being an injudicious comforter; therefore, when she was calmer:—

"My dear," said her mother-in-law, "poor people always go through such struggles as these, if they want to get on in the world. Certainly, if Hugh could be content to vegetate in obscurity all his life, burying his talents and so forth, it might be unnecessary to keep up the appearance you do, and without doubt you would have many more comforts and less anxiety; but, knowing your affection for him"—Mrs. Ferrol had a habit of rustling her black silk, and here she shook it out stiffly—"I may confidentially ask, whether you would wish to sacrifice his future advancement to your present ease?"

"Oh no, no," said the young wife. "But I am not strong enough, nor clever enough."

Secretly did Mrs. Ferrol think the same. She had rather despised Agatha as a puny pretty girl, without tact or ability, and would have preferred that Hugh had taken to wife some strong-minded woman, older than himself, and more capable of advancing his interests than the one he had chosen. But she said, kindly putting her hand upon Agatha's:—

"My poor child, you are nervous and depressed. You want some variety—change of air and scene.

London all the year round is too much for you. You will just come into the country with me for a little, down to Agnes in Shropshire."

"I cannot," Agatha said; "he would be very lonely. If he could come, I should enjoy it greatly."

"I will talk to Hugh about it," was Mrs. Ferrol's conclusion. "Suppose you got into confirmed ill-health, you foolish child, what a burden you would be upon him! Of course, you will be sensible and obedient, and do as he thinks best."

Further suspicions, and just ones, had Hugh's mother that Hugh's wife had even stinted herself while seeking to reduce the household expenses to their minimum: likewise, that she had overtasked her strength by personal exertion, to make up the deficiencies of the incapable Mrs. Rhodes, her combined cook and housemaid. Hugh blamed himself for his blindness and disregard; all his tenderness revived at thought of her failing health, and Agatha was happier, for a little while, than she had been since their bridal month.

The elder Mrs. Ferrol's movements were quickened by receipt of a missive such as discomposed her in the first chapter of this tale, namely, a note from Madame Jupon; the matter of which she was prepared for, being a demand of the sum of £43 7s. 4d., balance of account furnished a year previously; but it was the manner that puzzled her, as scarcely concealing a threat. For ten minutes she was perplexed, and then a light burst upon the affair: her countenance resumed its usual superior serenity. Wherefore? she had not the money, neither knew where to find it; yet would she satisfy the creditor.

Driving with Mildred in the afternoon, she admired her bonnet, and remarked on the excellence of Madame Jupon's millinery. To which Mrs. Euston replied, that she had lately patronised a certain Madame Coiffeuse, whose taste suited her better, and from whom the Duchess of X—and the Countess Y—got their court-dresses. This had her astute mother divined, and now requested that Mildred would come to Madame Jupon's and open a fresh account, as the only feasible means to gain respite for the settlement of her own. Fully successful was the scheme: the French-woman could not possibly be more polite; as for the *bagatelle* due by Madame Ferrol, it would do at any time; as a matter of business, bills were sent round by the clerks of the establishment at stated seasons. And so they understood one another.

CHAPTER XIV.—QUIET HEARTS, IN A QUIET HOME.

"You must not be surprised, my dear, to find that Agnes and Richard live in an exceedingly plain manner; in fact, I may say, with a total absence of style. They are indeed too regardless of it," said Mrs. Ferrol the elder, as she and Mrs. Hugh sat in a railway carriage, rapidly scouring along the North-Western line. She thought it her duty to prepare the stranger for disappointment in Mrs. Wardour's cottage home. "Richard has peculiar opinions—in fact, I may say, eccentric; he would never do for a man of the world—never. In his rural position, of course so much is not expected; but I must regret that Agnes can so easily sink

from her own position in life;" and thus Mrs. Ferrol went on, till Agatha began to wonder what sort of an uncivilized place she should find at Langholm, and what sort of uncivilized manners in its inhabitants.

A farmhouse, upon the side of a gentle eminence, trees clustering behind, a sunlit view of level countries before; a clothing of virgin's bower and china roses all about it to the roof. Perhaps it was a common-looking place; certainly there were no evidences of wealth; but that refined tastes dwelt in the cottage might be discovered from the finer kinds of flowers blooming in the grass-plots, and the careful neatness of the exterior. Agatha's tired heart was conscious of a restfulness in the very look of Langholm, even before receiving the warm welcome of its owners, which she felt was not to be taken at London valuation, as signifying a feeling the fifth of the expression; in their sincere eyes she read reality.

It was certainly a very unpretending *ménage*; limited circumstances could be plainly enough traced in the arrangements. The furniture was neat and simple; white muslin and rose-colour will make any room look well, and Nature's best ornament of flowers was abundant. Nothing could be farther removed in style from the splendour of a first-class metropolitan drawing-room; but good taste was the genius which converted the Langholm chintzes and Kidderminster into adornments as becoming as the embossed draperies and Brussels carpets of a wealthier house. Anything more rich would have been incompatible with their means, perhaps also with their principles.

Agatha soon found that in this family was nothing to conceal: no curtaining of wretched deficiencies with outward appliances of wealth. But the mother-in-law could not be reconciled to such plainness of living. The attendance of a little maid-servant, instead of a footman or page, grated upon her sensibilities. She pined for the display and consideration among her superiors in rank, which had been her aim through years. The neighbouring nobleman's family, who had a distant visiting acquaintance with Agnes, was to Mrs. Ferrol an unmitigated trouble and source of disquiet, because of her longing to be on closer terms of intimacy with them; their carriages passing by the gate discomposed her; reports of their festivities and battalions of titled guests, actually kept her awake of nights. R—— Manor was Elysium to her imagination. At last came a general county entertainment, combining *fête champêtre* and subsequent dinner-party, to which the neighbours at Langholm were of course invited. Great was Mrs. Ferrol's pleasure in the prospect: it gilded her meditations for a fortnight previously; she even sent to Madame Jupon for a special dress to wear, which, with its appurtenances, swelled her outstanding account from forty-three to fifty-four pounds ten. The simplicity of her daughter's preparations quite annoyed her.

"You seem to forget, Agnes, that you will meet people of the highest rank, and that your dress ought to correspond with your company; certainly you ought to wear something handsomer than that

second-rate black silk: what will be thought of you? I am sure Mr. Wardour would willingly give you a new one if you said it was necessary."

"I daresay he would, mama, but I know that he could not afford it just now, without going in debt, and you are aware of his invincible objection to that. While his father's will has left our affairs so unsettled, we must be very cautious in our expenditure."

"But such a trifle as a silk gown could make no perceptible difference."

"Ah, mama, seven or eight guineas is a serious sum to us at present, especially when my mourning has cost so much this summer already. That black silk was an expensive one three months since, and I have been careful of it; and my bonnet has not been much worn: a fresh border is all it wants."

"I am no advocate for the open confession of poverty," her mother rejoined, with rather an offended air. "I cannot see the merit of proclaiming that one cannot afford a new dress, even for Lady R——'s *fête champêtre*. I don't suppose there will be another lady present, who will not go to some trouble and expense to make a good appearance on such an occasion."

"And, dear mother, what would be gained by it? The debt would be a real evil, the impression made upon Lady R—— or others of the company a very doubtful good, if indeed any one notices what I wear at all. I cannot imagine that Lady R—— will know whether my silk is three months or a week old, so as it looks neat and tasteful. You have seen how plainly she dresses herself, and so far I shall only be following her example."

Mrs. Ferrol was by no means convinced: she next attacked Mr. Wardour on the subject, selecting, like an able tactician, a moment when the forces of the enemy were detached. Agnes had left the room about her housekeeping, after breakfast, and her husband was writing at his secretary, when the elder lady began.

"Richard, I want to speak to you for a moment."

He laid down his pen and looked up at the handsome woman standing beside him.

"About Agnes; I want you to give me *carte blanche* to dress her for this affair at Lord R——'s."

And Mr. Wardour, like a dutiful husband, replied: "Whatever she wants is of course at her service; I'll ask her about it."

This not at all suiting Mrs. Ferrol's ends, she said: "Oh, she has got some absurd idea of your not being able to afford her the necessary dress, though she really requires one. I have reasoned with her in vain. You must interpose your authority."

"Certainly, where needful."

Now his laconic answers, though apparently all she could wish, were not pleasing to his mother-in-law; nor the deep quiet eyes, intently bent upon her face as she continued:—

"Or, better still, give me leave to write to London for her dress. You know that in such an assembly of rank and fashion as we are likely to meet, your wife should make a good appearance."

"I wish her to do so," he said, "and am resolved that she shall."

But, Mrs. Ferrol being a keen physiognomist, discerned a muscular action about his mouth, which rather suggested the possibility of another signification to his words than that she wanted. This son-in-law of hers puzzled the good lady sometimes, by the very inability of a crooked nature to comprehend a straight-forward one.

"Shall it be a secret, then?" she asked in a winning way.

"What?"

"The new dress that I order. Better say nothing till it arrives, and it will be a very pretty little surprise for her. I promise you that it shall be tasteful and lady-like, just what Agnes herself would select. But as to the quixotic idea of presenting herself in that black silk which she has for best dress, I think it would positively be little short of an insult to Lady R——'s invitation, if she appears in no better garb. Everybody knows that she has had it several months."

His silence led her to speak more strongly than in judicious dealing with him she ought to have done. But if ever, gentle reader, you want to draw on a woman to say more than is expedient for herself, just hold your own peace, and look calm. Ten to one she reveals a secret, or lays bare her feelings in some way, before that stimulating silence.

"What a fatal objection!" he said credulously. "I hope Lady R—— does not keep account of the age of my coats."

"I can never get you to be serious, Richard," said Mrs. Ferrol, disguising some slight irritation. "But as I don't wish to interrupt your letters any longer, just tell me, have I your sanction to write for Agnes's dress?"

"Agnes, what do you say?" He turned to his wife, who an instant previously had entered. "I fear you will discredit me at Lady R——'s, without a milliner's order on your person. Shall we write to London, dear, for the additional respectability of a new gown?"

She smiled the soft smile that he loved so well. What a world of mutual trust was there! Poor Agatha, looking and listening from the window-seat where she was netting, had a heartache to contrast this glimpse with certain memories of her own.

Mrs. Ferrol's scheme came to nought; for Agnes was sensible and gently firm, and her husband had the fullest confidence in her judgment. The elder lady covered her defeat with a series of Parthian shafts, flung as she quitted the field, her forces in good order—to the effect that she would be the last person to recommend, or, indeed, to countenance, needless extravagance; but she must say that there were occasions on which a proper regard to the opinions of others was absolutely necessary. That, if some people had not kept up appearances, at great labour and risk to themselves, certain other people would not be in the position they occupied at present; for instance, Mildred could never have gained the wealthy match she did. That a seclusion from the world rendered persons eccentric in their habits and ideas, and incapable of judging of

the proprieties required in good society; with a variety of other asseverations bearing on the topic in hand. Which ended, Mr. Wardour betook himself again to his writing, tranquilly, undisturbed by the knowledge that his wife's mother thought him more odd than ever.

The eventful day arrived; they went to R—— Manor in the little pony phaeton, Langholm's solitary vehicle of upper rank. Mrs. Ferrol was the only one who felt a pang that it was not a handsome carriage, blazoned with armorial bearings; perhaps she was even ashamed of it among the line of equipages, for she was in some haste to leave it. The afternoon looked showery, and fulfilled its promise by dispersing the archery meeting with heavy rain, before a single prize had been adjudged. Then the guests sat in the long grand reception-rooms, looking at each other and at the weather, and conversing, in suppressed tones, chiefly on the latter subject, until a break in the leaden skies caused the noble hostess to suggest the gardens and conservatories.

Lady R—— possessed the golden art of conferring enjoyment on those with whom she conversed. The exquisite repose of manner which lay about her like moonlight, was soothing as soft music: it was in her tones, her quiet gestures, her calm decision of thought. The incommunicable charm enveloped Agnes with a pleased spell, and her turns of conversation with Lady R—— formed the oasis in her Sahara of a day. She had no enjoyment in the interminably tedious dinner, with a band playing among marble columns at the end of the room; sideboards laden with gold and silver plate, flashing back innumerable lights; tall liveried lackeys ministering endless courses of meats and drinks; while conversation trickled slowly along among the company. Most of the latter were conscious of an indefinable relief when it was all over. But the R—— Chronicle of next date termed it "a *recherché* entertainment, unsurpassed by anything in the annals of our county;" also recording that the guests broke up at midnight, delighted with the hospitality of their noble host, and having enjoyed with the keenest zest such a day as comes not twice in a man's sublunary existence. It is needless, after this, to mention that the editor was among those honoured with an invitation, and had been specially signalized by ten minutes' conversation with Lord R—— himself.

Again home in the little pony phaeton: oh, never did the clustering trees and low roof of Langholm seem so dear to its mistress as now, under the white light of a midnight moon, in contrast to the splendour she had just left. When her mother and Agatha had gone to remove their wrappings, she went out into the porch, where meek closed rosebuds bowed their heads under heavy dews, and stood looking upon the glory of the heavens and the peace of the earth. Her heart was full of thankfulness to that Divine Providence which had cast her lot in quiet places; the moonbeams glittered upon tears in her upraised eyes.

"Agnes, are you tired?" Her husband put his arm round her as a support.

"A little," she replied. "Not so much as before

I came home. O Richard, I am so glad that we have no style or stateliness, but can live for each other!"

"And for God," he added. "That will crown our lives with joy. I also am glad and grateful."

After a pause, he said:—

"Let it be our rule to please God in all things, and not our fellow-men, and to this end be thoroughly truthful in word and deed. Let us continue to eschew pretension, as sinful in His sight, 'who has appointed the bounds of our habitation.' It is not hard to be poor, when we remember that it is His will."

Thus they lived at Langholm; not for the hollow praise or censure of the babbling world, but for their mutual happiness in the performance of duty. A lowly life, compared with others; few glimpses of rank or of pomp interwoven with its days; yet surcharged with a love and peace to which even its very cares ministered.

Agatha gained health week by week in the pure Shropshire air, wafted from Welsh mountains. At last she would stay no longer; and Hugh took three holidays from the urgencies of his metropolitan business, (certainly Dr. Ferrol's practice was extending,) and came down to fetch her home.

CEYLON.

As we read Sir Emerson Tennent's work on this sunny island of the East,* we almost imagine ourselves there, walking its groves of palm, sailing its waters overshadowed by the blue-flowered, holly-leaved acanthus; climbing its mountain ranges among crimson-blossomed rhododendrons of tree-like size; or dipping into its limpid streams for the dust of gems mingled with the sand in the "Island of Pearls."

Ceylon is adorned with the most luxuriant trees and magnificent flora of the world. Even on the sea-shore, among others may be seen screw-pines, with drooping clusters of "amber-coloured but uneatable fruit;" and "the graceful bamboo flourishes in groups, whose feathery foliage waves like the plume of the ostrich." So soft and fair are the island scenes, that it has obtained the tradition of being the home of our first parents when driven from the Garden of Eden. In support of this tradition is pointed out a mountain towering towards the sky, called Adam's Peak; on the crest of it is a footprint, supposed to be that of the father of all living. It is held sacred, and is covered by a temple, at which the natives worship.

At early morning, when the dew is sprayed over the ground, freshly distilled on the herbage, is to be seen the "antheion," a curious phenomenon of light. A person's shadow appears to him to be edged with exquisite refulgence. "The light is intense, and the shadow proportionately dark. Each particle of dew furnishes a double reflection from concave and convex surfaces;" and the shadow,

* "Ceylon: an Account of the Island, Physical, Historical, and Topographical, etc.," by Sir James Emerson Tennent, K.C.S., LL.D., etc. London, Longman & Co.

"but more particularly the head, appears surrounded by a halo as vivid as if radiated from diamonds." It may be best understood as like the "glory" with which the early painters invested the heads of their saints.

To us, a forest derives its beauty from the varying tints and forms of its myriad leaves; but in Ceylon, flowering trees and shrubs of the most gorgeous kind lend enchantment to the scene. There is the coral tree, clothed in scarlet; the murutu, with flowers each the size of a rose, and of all shades, from a delicate pink to the deepest purple. The orange and crimson asoca, and the kattoo-imbul, thorn-armed, and from whose tulip-like flowers falls "a silky cotton, forming a carpet of scarlet all around." The "king of the forest," a terrestrial orchid, is to be found about the moist roots of the trees. It has leaves among the most exquisitely formed in the vegetable kingdom. Their colour is dark velvet, approaching to black, and reticulated over all the surface with veins of ruddy gold.

Water, the mother of all this fertility, is abundant, and silvery streams thread the land. Coming from the mountains, they bring down pieces of spar and a variety of precious stones. Some streams are so rich in comminuted fragments of rubies, sapphires, and garnets, that the sands are used by lapidaries in polishing the softer stones, and in cutting the elephants' grinders into plates. They who turn gem-hunters—and many do—may perchance find a stray olive-tinted cat's-eye, or a pearly moon-stone, if not a star ruby.

Elephants so abound in Ceylon, that one of the titles of the kings of Kandy was "Lord of the Elephant." Their sagacity, their usefulness, their gentleness of disposition, has been alike praised by classical and modern writers. Perhaps they are most attractive when young. We have a description of one, who was about ten months old. He had "a little bolt head, covered with hair, and was the most amusing and interesting miniature imaginable." He was sent to Colombo, to the house of Sir Emerson, on the credit of his juvenile humour. He had a little stable erected for him, and became at once a general pet with the servants. "But his favourite resort was the kitchen, where he received his daily allowance of milk and plantains. He was innocent and playful in the extreme, and, when walking in the grounds, would run up to me, twine his little trunk round my arm, and coax me to take him to the fruit trees. In the evening, the grass-cutters now and then indulged him by permitting him to carry home a load of fodder for the horses, on which occasions he assumed an air of gravity that was highly amusing." He afterwards became one of the government stud, and mayhap has retired ere this "to the valley in Saffragam, among the mountains to the east of Adam's Peak," to die, if there be any truth in the tradition that there, by the side of a lake of clear water, the elephants take their last repose.

In a land of woods and mountains we expect the feathered inhabitants of the air to be numerous, and so we find is the case here. We have the oriole, with a flute-like voice, waking the sleeper at early

morning; the coppersmith, uttering noises like such an artisan at work; beautiful sun-birds, with two long white feathers which stream gracefully behind them in flight; the bulbul, which poetic tradition says laments when it sees the gathering of a rose; crows, that will undo the knot of a wrapper if it contain anything eatable, and carry away such trifles as kid gloves and pocket handkerchiefs; the cinnamon dove, feeding alone on the fruit from whence its name is derived; and a beautiful wood-pigeon (*Neela cobeya*), with a plaintive voice, so sweet and soothing, it is said, that, when irritated, "the feeling almost instantly subsides, on hearing the loving tones of these beautiful birds;" troops of flamingoes, or "English soldier-birds," as the natives call them, who, on rising into the air, glow with crimson, by the sudden display of the red lining of their wings: these, and many others, throng the woods and shores, or have their nests in the towering crags.

We talk here of "a fish out of water," as an emblem of being in an untoward position, but it will hardly hold good in Ceylon. Some of these denizens of the water take a journey overland as a matter of course. The perch especially is fond of a walking tour and occasional change of scene. This little creature issues boldly from its native pools, and addresses itself to its toilsome march, generally at night or in the early morning, whilst the grass is damp with the dew; but in its distress it is sometimes compelled to travel by day, and Mr. E. L. Layard on one occasion encountered a number of them travelling along a hot and dusty gravel road under the mid-day sun. Others there are with musical powers, and who are apparently accustomed to gather together in caverns and hold a festival, the mellifluous echoes of which cause the boatman lingeringly to rest on his oars. But listen: "There was not a breath of wind or a ripple, except that caused by the oars. I distinctly heard the sounds in question. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself; the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass."

The warm sunshine of Ceylon, the gorgeous cups and bells of its flora, and its abundant foliage, form an Arcadia for the insect race. They give a constant life to the scene, by their ceaseless hum and glittering flight: dragon-flies flash lustreously, and beetles, whose golden wings shall hereafter be embroidered on eastern robes, bask in the sunshine; fairy-like butterflies assemble together, and "frequently the extraordinary sight presents itself of numbers of these delicate creatures, generally of a white or pale yellow hue, apparently miles in breadth, and of such prodigious extension as to occupy hours in their passage;" and bees, as plentiful and wild as on Hybla, and moths in endless variety, are among the *élite* of this world of tiny wings.

The existence of insects generally is a source of gratification to an intelligent little lizard, called the gecko. Our little friend, Mr. Gecko, makes himself at home in English houses, and presumes on his modest appearance and amiable temper to make himself a friend of the family. He

is usually attired in quiet grey tinged with pink, and will make a "spare room" or a "shake-down" of a crevice in the wall, or the space behind a picture-frame. In an officer's quarters in the fort at Colombo, one had been taught to come daily to the dinner table, and always made its appearance along with the dessert. However, white-washing and cleaning turned the house upside and down, and Mr. Gecko ceased to call. People lamented their little friend as dead; but lo! at their first dinner he made his entrance as usual, when the cloth had been removed.

The wild and uncivilized trenches closely on the civilized here, and it amply illustrates life in our tropical colonies, when we hear, in a description of an Englishman's home: "So successfully have the elegancies of landscape gardening been combined with the wildness of nature, that during my last residence at Kandy, a leopard from the forest above came down nightly to drink at the fountain in the parterre."

Among the many things of interest mentioned in the book are the ruins of Anurajapoor, and the "Victorious, Illustrious, Supreme Lord, the sacred Botree," to which, in point of age, the Oak of Ellerslie and the yew trees of Fountains Abbey are young; the great tanks, and the golden enshrined tooth of Buddha; cookery, which includes bread-fruit baked, and seasoned with the green leaves, fresh and uninjured by the fire. Mention, too, is made of the idolatry of the people—their offerings of hecatombs of flowers, their temples festooned into huge bouquets, and the air around them ever heavy with the perfume of champac and jessamine.

And now one parting word. It provokes very serious thoughts to remember in how many of these sunny lands of the South and East the inhabitants are strangers to the elevating and invigorating Christian faith. But the Bible student hopes for the time when the physical beauty of the countries shall be surpassed by the lustre of the virtues of the peoples; when the moral excellency of society at large shall surpass the beauty of the fairest efforts of Creation:

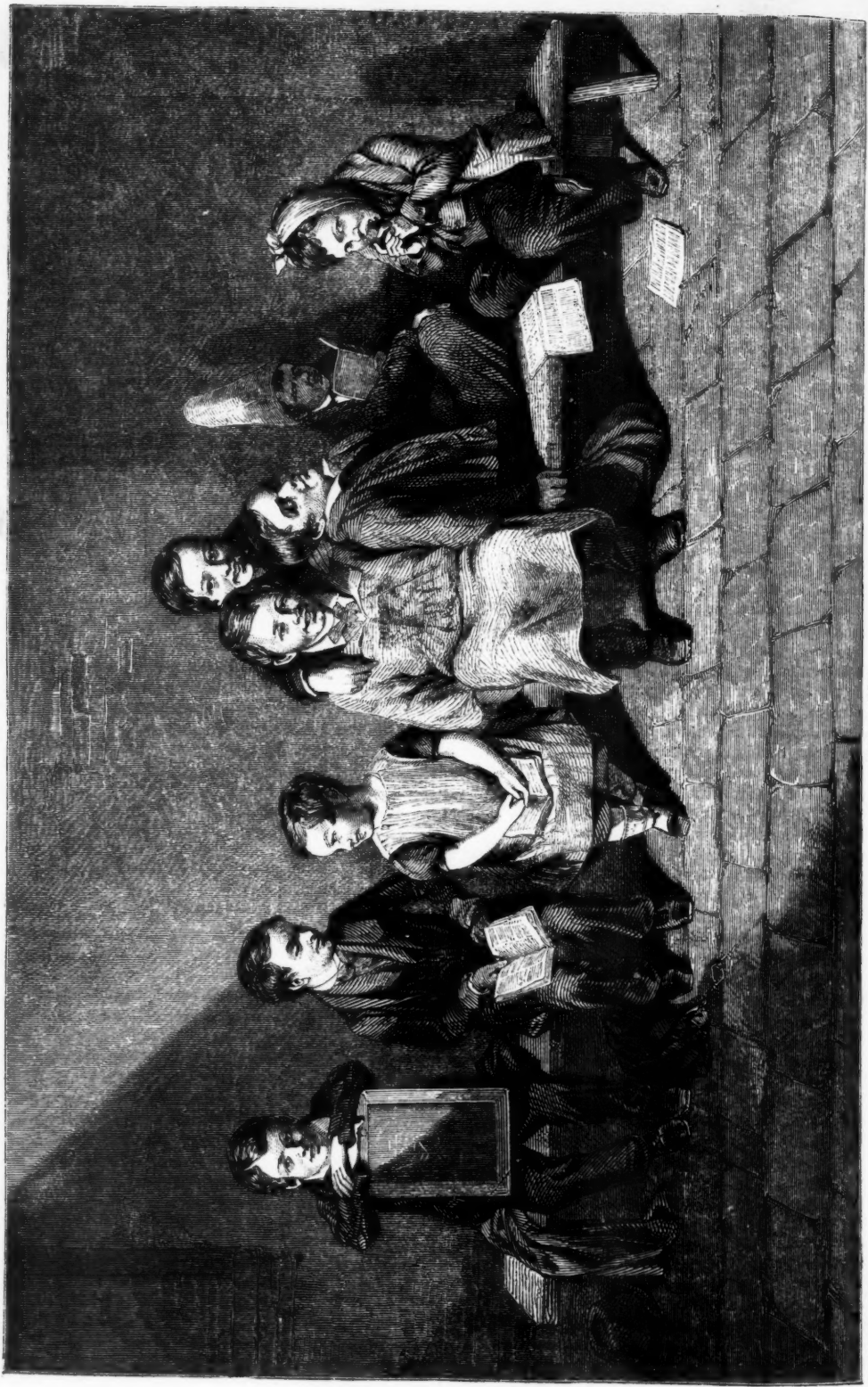
"For as the earth bringeth forth her bud,
And as the garden causeth the things that are in it to spring forth,
So the Lord will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations."

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

By the kind permission of the Council of the Art Union we present, in this and the following number, copies of the engravings of Webster's celebrated pictures, *The Smile*, and *The Frown*.

There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he:
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind, or if severe in sight,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.

GOLDSMITH'S "*Deserted Village*."



DUNCAN FORBES OF CULLODEN,

THE SCOTTISH PATRIOT.

CULLODEN is a word celebrated in history, poetry, and romance. It gives its name to a decisive battle, if not of the world, yet certainly of the British Empire; for on that field were crushed the last hopes of the Stuarts, after twice defeating the royal troops and marching to within a hundred miles of London. Culloden is not less deserving of honour, as being the name of the paternal estate of the great and good man of whom we propose to give a short account.

Thomson, in his "Autumn," makes the muse,

"High-hoivering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
See Caledonia, in romantic view;"

and, like all Scotsmen, he has grievances to complain of, and good wishes for his countrymen. His grievances and his wishes are alike reasonable; he is indignant that the Dutch should encroach on their fisheries; he wishes industry to be cheered, and agriculture to be encouraged; the linen manufacture to be set up,* trade to be roused, and ships "to wing their way from every growing port;" and thus, in soul united as in name, "bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep." The poet fervently asks:—

"Oh! is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that god-like luxury is placed,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Through late posterity?"

And he answers:—

"Yes; there are such. And full on thee, Argyll,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond, imploring country turns her eye."

This is the Argyll of Pope, of Chesterfield, and of Scott:—

"Argyll, the State's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field."

Thomson invokes yet another patriot:—

"Thee, FORBES, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind;
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Planned by thy wisdom, by thy soul informed;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee."

By what rectitude of conduct this high eulogium was merited we now proceed to show.

Duncan Forbes was born in 1685, of parents who transmitted to all their children an hereditary aversion to the House of Stuart, whom they appear to have resisted from the very commencement of the Civil Wars, persuaded that the triumph of that dynasty would have been the ruin of civil and religious liberty; an opinion in which posterity, after the bitterness of faction is passed, will be much disposed to concur. Duncan, a younger brother, was taught to read and write at the parish school of Inverness, and afterwards distinguished himself at the University of Edinburgh, where he studied for three years. In 1705, he went to Leyden, where he remained two years, deeply engaged in the study of law and languages; returned to Scotland about the time when the union of the two kingdoms was settled, and in July, 1709, was called

* Hence the origin of the British Linen Company, 1716, now a prosperous banking concern.

to the bar. He was soon appointed Sheriff of Mid-Lothian, and his professional practice continued extensive and brilliant. It carried him frequently to the House of Lords; and this led to the formation of friendships in London, which ever afterwards connected him with all the eminent men of the age. Sir Robert Walpole, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Hardwicke, Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, the Speaker Onslow, General Oglethorpe, besides all the most famous men in Scotland were among his correspondents. He married early, but soon lost his wife, and ever after remained a widower.

Queen Anne died on the 1st of August, 1714; and in 1715 the Pretender made an attempt in Scotland to restore the Stuarts. The whole family of Culloden exerted itself to defeat his project. The eldest son spent £3000 in the service of government, which was never repaid; the family castle was besieged by the rebels, and successfully defended by the heroic wife of the owner, who happened to be absent; and Duncan's zeal was rewarded by the hatred of the Jacobites and the thanks of the reigning party. He was made Advocate-Depute, "and (says he) the Justice Clerk shows a grim sort of civility towards me, because he finds me plaguily stubborn." Many of the Scots rebels were about to be tried in England, and the Depute was to be sent there as a prosecutor. Upon this he writes, "I am determined to refuse that employment." He composed, and transmitted to Sir Robert Walpole, a memorial, remonstrating firmly against the injustice and impolicy of treating the rebels as the ministry were about to do; for a sort of exterminating bill was then in contemplation. He evinced complete knowledge of Scotland, and of the great principle of reclaiming a deluded people by time and lenient firmness, instead of vainly attempting to subdue their turbulence by breaking their spirit. "Every man concerned in that odious work certainly deserved death, and the punishment due by law, but humanity and prudence forbade it. It was not fit to dispeople a country, nor prudent to grieve the king's best friends, who mostly had some concern in those unfortunate men, or expedient to give too just grounds of clamour to the disaffected." Nevertheless, the system that had been resolved on was adopted. Every family trembled for a prosecution; suspicion, however slight, was a ground for imprisonment, and those who were destined for trial were either sent to England, to them a foreign country, or else subjected in Scotland to the zeal of English judges and prosecutors. Forbes, seeing he could not prevent this, did what he could, by promoting subscriptions for their relief; and he writes thus to his brother at Culloden, who, as well as himself, had been a personal sufferer from the very men for whom he pleads: "A contribution is carrying on for the relief of the poor prisoners at Carlisle, from their necessitous condition. It is certainly Christian, and by no means disloyal, to sustain them in their indigent state until they are found guilty. The law has brought them to England to be tried by foreign juries; so far is well. But no law can hinder a Scotsman to wish that his countrymen not hitherto condemned should not be

a derision to strangers, or perish for want of necessary defence or sustenance, out of their own country."

In spite of all this, his character made him too powerful to be resisted; and in 1722, he, with the acquiescence of the ministry, obtained a seat in parliament, to which, in 1725, was added the office of Lord Advocate. The discharge of those official duties carried him often to London, and opened new views and opportunities of increased usefulness to his country. The condition of Scotland was then wretched in the extreme. Discontent pervaded all ranks; the great families lorded it over their vassals; a new and strict system of taxation was introduced, and the poverty of the country rendered it unproductive and unpopular. The nation was divided, in sentiment and hopes, into two parties, Jacobites and Hanoverians. The incident of the Porteous mob may give a glimpse of the fierce and discontented spirit then ranking in Scotland. For all these evils, the only remedy adopted was to abate nothing, and to enforce everything by English counsels and Englishmen. Forbes took a different method, and not only directed the spirit of his country, but conciliated its discordant members with astonishing skill. He endeavoured to extinguish the embers of rebellion, by gaining over the Jacobites. This he did, by showing them what he called the folly of their designs, by seeking their society, by excluding them from no place for which their characters or talents gave them a claim, and, above all, protecting them from proscription. He next endeavoured to habituate the people to the equal and regular control of the laws. He rigidly investigated, but did not severely punish, popular outrages; but he was unsparing in his prosecution of the provincial injustice by which the people were generally oppressed. The injured were sure to find in him a friend, and the higher ranks universally feared him, as the certain foe of all unfair and illiberal projects. Having thus secured a common respect for the law, he turned his mind to the improvement of the trade and agriculture of the kingdom. He saw that internal trade would give employment to the hordes of idlers who infested the country; would interest proprietors in the improvement of their estates, and furnish the means both of paying and levying taxes. He made himself master of the nature and history of almost every manufacture, and corresponded largely both with the statesmen, the philosophers, and the merchants of his day, about the means of introducing them into Scotland. He planted the roots of those establishments which are now flourishing in that country, and excited a spirit of commercial enterprise.

Adam Smith had not yet taught the nature and causes of the wealth of nations; and it is therefore not wonderful that Forbes fell into some errors on the principles of taxation and political economy. These were the common errors of too much regulation. It was a great object to encourage agriculture by promoting the use of malt; and as it was thought that the use of tea, then becoming general, interfered with ale and twopenny, Forbes presented to government a scheme for preventing, or rather

punishing, the use of tea: "which is now become so common, that the meanest families, even of labouring people, particularly in burghs, make their morning's meal of it; and the same drug supplies all the labouring women with their afternoon's entertainments."

In 1737, he was appointed President of the Court of Session. It was with great diffidence that he accepted of this situation. He threatened to shrink back into private life, and would certainly have done so but for the remonstrances of the most eminent men of the time, among whom, Mansfield told him that it was like a general forsaking the fight in the hottest of the fire. The court was in a lamentable state when he joined it; but he reformed it so thoroughly as to change even the manners of the judges; and the *law's delay*, grievous everywhere, but a peculiar reproach to Scotland, was so greatly mitigated that he could say, in 1740, "When the term ended this day, no cause, ripe for judgment, remained undetermined—a circumstance that has not happened within any man's memory."

While he was thus engaged in the highest functions of civil life, the Pretender suddenly landed, in 1745. The court was shut by Act of Parliament, and Forbes plunged himself into the very midst of the disaffected district. On account of the military abilities he had displayed in 1715, part of a regiment was put under his orders; and having got twenty blank commissions for independent companies, he established himself at Culloden, to which estate he had succeeded by the death of his brother. He was consulted by everybody, and particularly by the government; but his advice was, on many points, fatally neglected. There was not, however, a decided blunder committed, but it was followed by a string of letters from the men in power, lamenting that they had not sooner adopted his advice. His conduct was full of liberality and honour. He laments for the rebel leaders, as the unhappy gentlemen in arms; begs one of them who had not declared, to keep his people from folly; and regrets that, from the temper of the English at that time, lenity was not to be expected. When he went north, he found a total want of arms and money, and wrote, day after day, imploring if it were but a few pounds, and two or three muskets, but all in vain; although it was perfectly well known that his own funds had been speedily and cheerfully exhausted.

Bad as all this was, it was nothing compared with the signal ingratitude that was shown to himself after the rebellion was over. He had spent three years' rents of his estates in the public service, and it is said he never recovered a farthing. The minister was reported to have asked a statement of his disbursements, but in such a way that the patriot disdained a reply. He was thanked by his Majesty, but in no very gracious way; and one of the popular accounts is probably the true one, that he was disliked for having plainly, and in the king's presence, expressed his decided disapprobation of the violence of the royal army. The atrocities of the Duke of Cumberland are hardly yet forgotten in Scotland.

It is painful to be told that his sense of the ingratitude manifested towards him never left Forbes till it was buried, two years afterwards (1747), in the untimely grave to which it hastened him. We fondly hope that the true religious principles which animated his whole life, preserved him from any unbecoming or depressing grief of spirit. He thoroughly understood and believed the great truths of revealed religion. His age was the age of scepticism and speculative infidelity; and, in a small treatise of his, entitled, "Reflections on Incredulity," he traces the infidel objections to their true cause, the pride of intellect in fallen man, and the alienation of the heart from God and holiness. But he does not defend merely the outworks of truth, but distinctly affirms the early and total fall of man, and the revelation of what natural religion never could have imagined, the possibility of divine mercy at all, and the method of its exertion, by the substitution of the God-man to suffer in the room of the guilty sinner. He read the Old Testament in the original language, eight times over, and, like many pious men of that time, was delighted to trace, in the sacrifices of the Mosaic dispensation, and even in the wretched perversions of similar rites in heathen nations, the proof that from the earliest times God had revealed the grace of the new covenant, by institutions which were to keep alive, till the fulness of the time, the hopes of the coming Saviour.

About the year 1812, two large chests and three sacks full of documents were discovered at Cul-loden House. A selection was made and published at the time. There are various lairds, and other personages, who make but a shabby figure in this collection; but the clear honour and open heart of him to whom they address themselves is manifest in every page. None of his descendants or countrymen need to blush for him. His statue, by Roubiliac, with its earnest look and sagacious brow, is conspicuous in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, to excite the applause and emulation of future judges and advocates, and his memory lives in the admiration of Scotland; a proof that, even since she ceased to be a separate kingdom, she has had at least one statesman whose principles were as pure as his understanding was enlightened, and whose concern for his country was never once suspected to be quickened by any regard to his own power or emolument.

INCENDIARY MICE.

Mice, aptly described by Johnson as being the "smallest of all beasts—little animals that haunt houses and corn-fields," are usually considered as being merely mischievous nuisances, whose sole destructive propensities are directed against candle-ends, cheese, and corn, nibbling through skirting-boards, cupboards, and boxes, and other trivial depredations. We shall find, however, by a further investigation of facts, that mice, powerless as they may seem to be of producing evil on a large scale, may nevertheless cause a large and destructive loss of property, and even of life.

We find, by contemporary journals, that in the bed-room of a certain individual a fire is suddenly found to be raging—an odd circumstance, considering that no light or fire of any description had been in the apartment for some time; but still more odd was the locality of the fire in this case—a chest of drawers, shut and probably locked. The mysterious nature of the origin of this fire will be best seen by quoting the account given of it by a local journal at the time of its occurrence.

"Mr. E. Lewis, of Broadheath, discovered a fire in his bedroom a day or two ago, the origin of which is enveloped in the most profound mystery; it occurred in a chest of drawers. What renders it so mysterious is the fact that for many weeks past there has been no light, or fire of any description, in this apartment. The fire originated in a chest of drawers, the contents of which (lace, and some volumes of the 'Illustrated London News') were burnt or damaged before the fire was detected."

It would not be the object of an ordinary incendiary to burn a few books. A fire lighted in a drawer, and that drawer subsequently closed, could but smoulder and smoke, and expire for want of air to support combustion. This smouldering might destroy, as it actually did in this case, the contents of the drawer, but the flames would not extend; the premises would be safe, for the smoke engendered would be such in quantity and quality as to insure early detection.

Now, from this plain statement of a fact, what can we infer? A fire is discovered: how did it originate? What the green fat of the turtle is to the alderman—what curry and rice are to the Indian—what fat puppy and kitten pie are to the Chinaman—such is phosphorus to the mouse—a decided luxury, an epicurean *morceau*. Advantage of this well-known partiality is taken by the commonly used vermin poison, now extensively sold under the name of "vermin-destroying paste," the basis and active principle of which is phosphorus. This is self-evident from its smell, its being luminous in the dark, the manner in which it burns, and the phosphoric acid produced by its combustion. A thin layer of this, spread upon bread-and-butter, and put in the neighbourhood of its holes, will lure the unsuspecting mouse from his ordinary cheese or candle diet to the poisoned and invariably fatal bait. We have watched its effects: at first it appears to act as a narcotic, or stupifying agent; the mouse walks and stumbles about, unheeding the presence of man: it seems intoxicated. Death, however, soon follows; and upon examining their bodies a few minutes afterwards, evidence of extensive inflammation of the bowels is to be found. We have seen rats similarly under its influence, and detected the same post-mortem appearances.

We will now adduce another fact, as bearing considerably upon the subject under investigation. Some few years ago, a fire originated in a cupboard, very mysteriously. Satisfactory and conclusive evidence was given at the time, that no lighted candle or fire had been in the room for months. The shelves of the cupboard, the floor, and the ceiling of the room underneath were burnt, when,

fortunately, discovery took place, and the ravages of the flames were stopped. As we have before explained, had the fire originated in a closed drawer, it must soon have been stifled; but the mischief could extend, and did, to greater lengths, in an airy and large cupboard. All that was found were the remains of a lucifer match-box, and the ends of a few burnt matches. Evidence of the existence of numbers of mice was apparent, from the great quantity of the droppings of these little animals.

It is hardly necessary to state that the power of ready ignition possessed by lucifers is derived, amongst other things, principally from phosphorus. In all probability, the mice endeavoured to get at the contents of the box, attracted by the smell of this phosphorus; the friction caused by their continued nibbling was sufficient to ignite the matches; the box, the shelf, the floor would follow; and hence the catastrophe.

This explanation appears to us to be more credible than that of wilful incendiarism, or spontaneous combustion; for the incendiary aims at more than the spoiling or destruction of a few books in a drawer, and all the elements necessary for spontaneous combustion are not present in a match-box.

A few words would not be out of place here, to caution our readers as to the deadly nature of this poisonous paste, and to impress upon them the necessity of extreme circumspection as to where they place this bait. Being usually—as indeed is ordered in the directions for its use—spread upon thin bread-and-butter, children would, if they got at it, eat and be poisoned. Cats, dogs, pigs, and poultry, would devour it and die. Nor must we forget that an animal dying from being thus poisoned, and eaten by another, would prove equally deleterious to the latter; in the same manner that partridges, killed by eating wheat soaked in arsenic, would prove poisonous to man or beast, if eaten.

To the uninitiated we may here observe, that wheat is usually “dressed,” as it is termed, with arsenic, as a preventive against smut—a diseased or blighted condition of the grain, by which it is so blackened as closely to resemble smut, or soot. We have eaten of such black bread, and feel bound to confess that it offends the eye more than the palate.

In the event of any animal dying from eating this paste, *bury the carcass*; don't throw it carelessly away. We cannot advocate this system of poisoning vermin, for several reasons. As to the cruelty of causing a painful and lingering death, we will say nothing. But—and this is important—the poisoned animal frequently crawls away to its hole to die, where its putrefying carcass may in hot weather be productive of disagreeable effects in the way of stench; while fever, of a low typhoid and exceedingly dangerous nature, is often engendered by breathing and living in an atmosphere tainted with decayed animal and vegetable remains.

ENGLISH HEROISM IN INDIA.

THE recent terrible struggle in India has served to bring out, perhaps more prominently than any previous event in our history, the determined

energy and self-reliance of the national character. Although English officialism may often drift stupidly into gigantic blunders, the men of the nation generally contrive to work their way out of them with a heroism almost approaching the sublime. In May, 1857, when the revolt burst upon India like a thunder-clap, the British forces had been allowed to dwindle to their extreme minimum, and were scattered over a wide extent of country, many of them in remote cantonments. The Bengal regiments, one after another, rose against their officers, broke away, and rushed to Delhi. Province after province was lapped in mutiny and rebellion; and the cry for help rose from east to west. Everywhere the English stood at bay in small detachments, beleaguered and surrounded, apparently incapable of resistance. Their discomfiture seemed so complete, and the utter ruin of the British cause in India so certain, that it might be said of them then, as it had been said before, “These English never know when they are beaten.” According to rule, they ought then and there to have succumbed to inevitable fate.

While the issue of the mutiny still appeared uncertain, Holkar, one of the native princes, consulted his astrologer for information. The reply was, “If all the Europeans save one are slain, that one will remain to fight and reconquer.” In their very darkest moment—even where, as at Lucknow, a mere handful of British soldiers, civilians, and women, held out amidst a city and province in arms against them—there was no word of despair, no thought of surrender. Though cut off from all communication with their friends for months, and they knew not whether India was lost or held, they never ceased to have perfect faith in the courage and devotedness of their countrymen, though they might be afar off; they knew that while a body of men of English race held together in India, they would not be left unheeded to perish. They never dreamt of any other issue but retrieval of their misfortune and ultimate triumph; and if the worst came to the worst, they could but fall at their post and die in the performance of their duty. Need we remind the reader of the names of Havelock, Neill, and Outram, men of each of whom it might with equal appropriateness be said that he had the heart of a chevalier, the soul of a believer, and the temperament of a martyr. Of all it might be said that their lives had been spent in the patient performance of obscure services; but the outbreak of the rebellion provided them with the opportunity of proving that each had in him the qualities of a hero. Indeed, the same might be said of every private soldier who distinguished himself in that great struggle. Desperate though the work was of retrieving this terrible and wide-spread calamity, there were men found to do it—men whose lives until then had for the most part been spent in the performance of mere routine duties, whose names had never before been heard of, and who might have died unknown but for the occasion which put their highest qualities to the proof, as well-bred, brave-hearted, high-souled Englishmen. In the course of the struggle which ensued, an amount of individual energy was displayed of an extraordinary

and perhaps even an unexpected character; and men and women, soldiers and civilians, of all ranks in the revolted districts, swelled for the time to the dimensions of heroes.

It has been said that Delhi was taken, and India saved, by the personal character of Sir John Lawrence. The very name of "Lawrence" represented power in the north-west provinces. His standard of duty, zeal, and personal effort, was of the highest; and every man who served under him seemed to be inspired by his own spirit. It was declared of him that his character alone was worth an army. The same might be said of his brother Sir Henry, who organized the Punjab force that took so prominent a part in the capture of Delhi. Both brothers inspired those who were about them with perfect love and confidence. Both lived amongst the people, and powerfully influenced them for good. Above all, as Colonel Edwardes says, "they drew models on young fellows' minds, which they went forth and copied in their several administrations: they sketched a *faith* and begot a *school*, which are both living things at this day." Sir John Lawrence had by his side such men as Montgomery, Nicholson, Cotton, and Edwardes, as prompt, decisive, and high-souled as himself. John Nicholson was one of the finest, manliest, and noblest of men—"every inch a hakim," the natives said of him—"a tower of strength," as he was characterized by Lord Dalhousie. In whatever capacity he acted, he was great, because he acted with his whole strength and soul. A brotherhood of fakeers—borne away by their enthusiastic admiration of the man—even commenced the worship of Nikkil Seyn: he had some of them punished for their folly, but they continued the worship nevertheless. Of his sustained energy and persistency, an illustration may be cited in his pursuit of the 55th Sepoy mutineers, when he was in the saddle for twenty consecutive hours, and travelled more than seventy miles. When the enemy set up their standard at Delhi, Lawrence and Montgomery, relying on the support of the people of the Punjab, and compelling their admiration and confidence, strained every nerve to keep their own province in perfect order, whilst they hurled every available soldier, European and Sikh, against that city. Sir John wrote to the commander-in-chief to "hang on to the rebels' noses before Delhi," whilst the troops pressed on by forced marches under Nicholson, "the tramp of whose war-horse might be heard miles off," as was afterwards said of him by a rough Sikh who wept over his grave.

The siege and storming of Delhi was the most illustrious event which occurred in the course of that gigantic struggle. The leaguer of Lucknow, during which the merest skeleton of a British regiment—the 32nd—held out for six months against two hundred thousand armed enemies, has perhaps excited more intense interest; but Delhi was the feat of arms of which Britain has most cause to be proud. There, too, the British were really the besieged, though ostensibly the besiegers; they were a mere handful of men "in the open"—not more than 3700 bayonets, European and native—without any defences or support, other

than their indomitable courage and tenacity of purpose, assailed from day to day by an army of rebels numbering at one time as many as 75,000 men, trained to European discipline by English officers, and supplied with all but exhaustless munitions of war. The heroic little band sat down before the city under the burning rays of a tropical sun. Death, wounds, and fever, failed to turn them from their purpose. Thirty times they were attacked by overwhelming numbers, and thirty times did they drive back the enemy behind their defences. As Captain Hodson—himself one of the bravest there—has said, "I venture to aver that no other nation in the world would have remained here, or avoided defeat if they had attempted to do so." Never for an instant did these heroes falter at their work; with sublime endurance they held on, fought on, and never relaxed until, dashing through the "imminent deadly breach," the place was won, and the British flag was again unfurled on the walls of Delhi. All were great—privates, officers, and generals; men taken from behind English ploughs and from English workshops, and those trained in the best schools and colleges, displayed equal heroism when the emergency arose. Common soldiers who had been injured to a life of hardship, and young officers who had been nursed in luxurious homes, alike proved their manhood, and emerged from that terrible trial with equal honour; the native strength and soundness of the English race and of manly English training and discipline were never more powerfully illustrated; and it was there emphatically proved that the men of England are, after all, its greatest products. A terrible price was paid for this great chapter in our history, but if those who survive and those who come after, profit by the lesson and example, it may not have been purchased at too great a cost.*

DWARFS AND GIANTS.

ENGLAND and France have recently lost two of their smallest men: at least, we never heard of greater diminutives, so to speak, among their grown-up population. The one, Edwin Calvert, a native of Skipton in Yorkshire, scarcely reached years of maturity; he died at the age of seventeen, but had probably attained his full stature. He was thirty-six inches in height, or three inches less than Tom Thumb, and weighed only twenty-three and a half pounds. He is described as a sharp and intelligent youth; a clever performer on the violin; a great mimic of birds and animals; and he could dance some of the most fashionable ancient and modern dances. Arrangements were in process last spring for taking him to London and the Continent for exhibition; and a court dress had been provided, when Death, the great leveller of high and low, stepped in and defeated the project. It is lamentable to add, that he died from the effects of drink.

The other case, that of M. Richebourg, a Parisian,

* From "Self-Help; with Illustrations of Character and Conduct." By Samuel Smiles, author of the "Life of George Stephenson." John Murray.

is one of the most remarkable on record. He attained the patriarchal age of fourscore, and was only thirty-three and a half inches high. When young, he was in the service of the Duchess d'Orleans, mother of Louis Philippe, with the title of butler, but performed none of the duties of the office. After the first Revolution broke out, he was employed to convey secret despatches abroad, and for that purpose was dressed as a baby, and carried by a nurse, with the papers concealed in his cap. For the last twenty-five years he lived in the Rue du Four St. Germain, and during all that time never went out. Though lively and cheerful with those to whom he was accustomed, he had a great aversion to strangers, and was always alarmed when he heard the voice of one. The Orleans family allowed him a pension.

There have doubtless been dwarfs in all ages of the world. They are mentioned by the most ancient writers as objects of curiosity to the learned and of amusement to the great. A *penchant* for such pigmy retainers, on the part of kings, nobles, and those who could afford to keep them, seems to have been of long standing; for to gratify it, in the days of republican Rome, merchants are said to have conceived the horrid idea of stunting the growth by means of boxes and bandages, thus manufacturing men in miniature. But it was in the middle ages that this strange passion was most fully developed, when mental culture was at its lowest ebb, and outward appearances monopolized attention. There was nothing original in the freak of our Duke of Buckingham, when he caused little Jeffrey Hudson to be served up at a banquet as a kind of human pasty, and presented the imp to Queen Henrietta Maria, upon his emancipation from the crust. This was a common court jest. At a grand festival given by the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, in 1568, a household dwarf was similarly incarcerated, who leaped out of a pie when the covering was removed, attired in panoply of gilt, and, grasping a banner in his hand, walked about, waving it over the dishes and goblets on the table, complimenting the guests. No more acceptable entertainment than this could be provided for the old Russian czars by their favourite nobles. A couple of pies, from which a male and female dwarf issued, to dance a minuet, procured for the entertainer the unbounded applause of the sovereign. Though these fooleries have now disappeared, yet society is very far from being delivered from the vulgar tastes of former times. It is still profitable to raise the cry, "Now's your time, ladies and gentlemen: walk in, and see the wonderfulest sight ever shown;" perhaps a man too fat for his legs to carry him, or some mite of a female, or an enormously developed pig, or a manufactured nondescript, warranted to be a defunct mermaid caught off Cape Horn. Not many years ago, the Egyptian Hall was the scene of a most melancholy spectacle. There was the poverty-stricken, half-distracted historical painter, Haydon, exhibiting some of his best works, in order to keep the wolf from the door. Day by day he had to record in his journal the utter failure of his scheme, and the success of Tom Thumb under the same roof, whom

hordes of gaping idlers rushed to see, and poured their money into the showman's pockets. At an inn in Shoreditch, custom is now invited by a placard announcing "The smallest barman in London." The little fellow, twenty years of age, can just manage to reach the edge of the counter with his fingers, and mounts a stool to perform his office.

While many dwarfs are almost idiots, others have exhibited much intelligence and artistic proficiency. A German female who died in England, was deemed worthy of the following epitaph, in consequence of her abilities: "To the memory of Nannette Stocker, who quitted this life the 4th of May, 1819, at the age of thirty-nine years, the smallest woman in this kingdom, and one of the most accomplished." She was only thirty-three inches high, and excelled as a musician. Another case in point is that of Richard Gibson, the portrait painter. While in the service of a lady at Mortlake, she observed his talent for drawing, and placed him for improvement with De Cleynne, the director of some tapestry works in the neighbourhood. He soon acquired great reputation as a copier of Sir Peter Lely's portraits, and was a welcome visitor at the court of Charles I. Remarkably enough, the dwarf artist married a dwarf young lady. They made a very neat little pair, both being exactly of the same height, thirty-eight inches. The king and queen attended the wedding; and the poet Waller wrote a congratulatory ode upon the occasion, from which the following lines are taken:—

"Design or chance makes others wive,
But nature did this match contrive.
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care,
Over whose heads those arrows fly,
Of sad distrust and jealousy;
Secured in as high extreme
As if the world had none but them.
To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains topp'd with snow;
And every man a Polyphemus
Does to his Galatea seem."

Gibson became page to the king, while his wife entered the service of the queen. His pencil was of more service to him than the sceptre to his master; for after having portrayed the royal features, he survived the storms of the period in which the monarch perished, and painted Oliver Cromwell in the height of his power.

Dwarfishness may appear under three phases. In one, the individual exhibits at birth, or during infancy, a size inferior to that of his age, and afterwards grows up rapidly to the ordinary stature of his species. In another, he is born and developed normally at first, then ceasing to increase, retains a height for the remaining part of his life below that of the adult. In a third case, he is born a dwarf, and presents that appearance at every stage of his existence. Dwarfishness, therefore, may be temporary or permanent. It does not appear that dwarfs are more rare in nations of lofty stature than otherwise. They are very frequently the offspring of mothers of the average height, and well-shaped; and it has been observed that the same mother has produced two or more. They have generally dis-

proportionately short legs, and large heads, with an irascible and impetuous temperament. A lady belonging to the court of Stanislaus, Duke of Lorraine, was once caressing a dog in the presence of her dwarf, Nicholas Ferry, better known by the name of Bébé, when he seized the animal, threw it out of the window, saying, "Why do you like it better than me?"

Examples of the opposite extreme of human stature—great height—have been recorded from the remotest antiquity. But they were not more numerous or remarkable in ancient than in modern times; nor is there any foundation for the idea, once entertained to some extent, that mankind had dwindled down from an enormous primitive perpendicular development to a comparatively puny standard. Bones of huge dimensions, exhumed from the soil, which were viewed with wonder and supposed to be human in the infancy of comparative anatomy, are the remains of extinct races of elephants, rhinoceroses, mastodons, and kindred animals.

Admitting the translation to be correct, that there were "giants in the earth" in antediluvian times, the same may be affirmed with equal truth of the modern epoch. But it is very probable that men remarkable for wickedness rather than for stature are intended.

We know nothing respecting the height of the sons of Anak in the land of Canaan, whom the spies reported to be "giants," adding, with much hyperbolic exaggeration, evidently dictated by their fears, that, as compared with them, they seemed to be in their own sight as "grasshoppers." Only a family or tribe, with bone and muscle well developed, and a stature noticeably above what had been seen before, yet by no means gigantic in our sense of the term, need be supposed. The people with whom the Israelites had previously been chiefly familiar, or the Egyptians, were of light make and of medium height, with very few examples of what we should consider tallness. The evidence of mummies is incontestable upon this point; and it was much the same with the Israelites themselves, if we may judge of them by their modern representatives. Very few Jews at present rise above the middle height, while a very large proportion of them fall below it. Hence, the contrast between the spies and the Anakim was probably not greater than the existing difference between the tall Patagonians of South America, and the little Ghoorkas of India or the Lapps and Esquimaux of the polar zone.

Huge fellows and no mistake—giants, properly so called, beyond all dispute—were Og, king of Bashan, and Goliath, the champion of the Philistines. We are, however, by no means certain as to their exact elongation. Nine cubits was the length of the king's iron bedstead; and if we suppose the bed to be one-third longer than the man, and take the cubit at eighteen inches, this will give him a stature of nine feet. But the estimate is based upon assumptions. The champion's height is expressly given at six cubits and a span, or about nine feet six inches, according to the foregoing measurement. Yet it is quite possible that this refers to his military appearance, when a head-dress or helmet

would add considerably to his real stature. Making the necessary deduction for the superincumbent attire, Loushkin, the Russian giant, is his match, who stood eight feet five inches *in propria persona*. He was drum-major of the Imperial regiment of Guards, and may be seen at Madame Tussaud's, represented in military costume, "proudly eminent" in the midst of waxen kings and queens, lords and ladies fair. Some of the 2400 men in Frederick William of Prussia's gigantic regiment towered to nearly nine feet; and none in the first rank were under seven. There was Hohmann, the fogleman, "a very mountain of pipe-clayed flesh and bone," as Carlyle has it; so steeple-like, that even a man ordinarily considered tall, could not touch his bare crown with his hand. These lofty specimens of humanity were collected, crimped, and purchased, out of almost every European country, at an enormous expense, to say nothing of broils with foreign states for kidnapping prominent subjects. Full £1200 were expended before James Kirkman, an Irishman of multitudinous inches, was inveigled, shipped, and brought to port. Burgomasters, who happened to be high mightinesses bodily, were unceremoniously dragged from home to recruit the battalion. A Roman Catholic priest of aspiring shape, like a note of admiration, was pounced upon while conducting the services of the church; and an Austrian ambassador, tallest of diplomatists, getting out of his carriage to stretch his legs, while passing through the Prussian dominions, was hurried off to a guard-house, till his suite came up to greet him as Excellenz, when many apologies were offered for the detention.

An adventure of one of Frederick's crimps, which had a fatal result, is related by Carlyle. The place was the town of Jülich; the subject a tall young carpenter. "One day a well-dressed, positive-looking gentleman, Baron Von Hompesch, enters the shop; wants 'a stout chest, with lock on it, for household purposes; must be of such and such dimensions, six feet six in length especially, and that is an indispensable point; in fact, it must be longer than yourself, I think, Herr Zimmermann. What is the cost? When can it be ready?' Cost, time, and the rest are settled. 'A right stout chest, then; and see you don't forget the size. If too short, it will be of no use to me—mind.' 'Ja wohl! Gewiss!' And the positive-looking, well-clad gentleman goes his ways. At the appointed day he reappears; the chest is ready—we hope an unexceptionable article. 'Too short, as I dreaded,' says the positive gentleman. 'Nay, your honour,' says the carpenter, 'I am certain it is six feet six,' and takes out his foot rule. 'Pshaw! it was to be longer than yourself.' 'Well, it is.' 'No, it isn't.' The carpenter, to end the matter, gets into the chest, and will convince any and all mortals. No sooner is he in, rightly flat, than the positive gentleman, a Prussian recruiting officer in disguise, slams down the lid upon him, locks it, whistles in three stout fellows, who pick up the chest, gravely walk through the streets with it, open it in a safe place, and find—horrible to relate!—the poor carpenter dead, choked by want of air in this frightful middle passage of his."

All the ancient nations attached great importance to high stature, as if it alone established a title to respect. Hence kings, however really stunted in their dimensions, are always exhibited upon a colossal scale in the paintings and sculptures of Egypt, Assyria, and Persia. Classical poetry is rife with the same idea. Homer, to secure for the shipwrecked Ulysses a favourable reception among some islanders, tells us that the goddess

"His whole form
Dilated, and to statelier height advanced,
That worthier of all reverence he might seem
To the Phæacians."

Old Priam is represented peering over the walls of his beleaguered city and picking out the tall men of the besieging army, concerning whom it was fit to make inquiry of their countrywoman, Helen, who attended him. Thus, of Agamemnon he speaks:—

"Name to me yon Achaian chief, for bulk
Conspicuous, and for port. Taller indeed
I may perceive than he; but with these eyes
Saw never yet such dignity and grace:
Declare his name. Some royal chief he seems."

So of Ajax:—

"Yon Achaian chief,
Whose head and shoulders tower above the rest,
And of such bulk prodigious—who is he?"

The superior height of Saul was no mean recommendation of him to the people over whom he was appointed to reign; and even Samuel, when commissioned to consecrate one of the sons of Jesse to the kingdom, thought the eldest must needs be intended, owing to a commanding presence, till corrected by the All-wise upon the point: "Look not on his countenance, nor on the height of his stature, because I have refused him; for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

The feeling in favour of distinguished stature descended to modern times. Though not considered a qualification for high office, it was thought appropriate for the officials themselves, whether sovereigns or magistrates, not to court the eye of day without being attended by a body-guard of persons physically eminent, in order to magnify their office, and render them a terror to evil-doers. We have singular memorials of the usage, in the renowned and huge wooden statues of Gog and Magog, in the metropolitan Guildhall, at which the juveniles have so often stared with awe and wonder. No little curiosity has been excited by these monstrous figures, as to their origin and intent; but all that is known upon the subject may be told in very few words. In former times, when men of conspicuous port were in requisition to appear as champions in grand processions, civic and state pageants, it was not always feasible to procure a living "mighty giant" for the purpose. Hence recourse was had to artificial substitutes, which were drawn on cars in my Lord Mayor's Show, and then laid up for the rest of the year. Two giants of wicker work are said to have perished in the great fire of 1666. The present effigies have remained fixtures since they were constructed in 1707, having been made far too cumbersome for convenient transport. As remembrancers of an

extinct folly, we are quite content to have them preserved, since they require no porridge, plan no treasons, and make no complaints.

In by-gone days, when battles were decided by personal prowess in close combat, instead of by strategy and artillery, a goodly height, with a stalwart make, was of no mean value. Considering, too, at present, the onerous labours which fall to the lot of the multitude, and the social sorrows that immediately ensue when the bread-winner fails beneath hard work, to say nothing of the contingency of having to defend the soil, it is of vast importance to guard against every cause of physical degeneracy, and keep our countrymen, as to bone and sinew, up to the standard of their fathers, when

"Each man a six-foot bow could bend,
And far a cloth-yard arrow send,"

But we want no giants—no prodigies as to height or girth—not a single man above six feet; and can do very well with the whole of our people some inches less. The tremendously elongated members of the human race, two of whom might shake hands across an omnibus, and either of them light a street lamp without stool or ladder, are useless for all practical purposes of any value, being little else than so many yards and pounds weight of incapableness. They are generally weak in body and mind, destitute of energy and activity, retain throughout their whole life some of the exterior traits and characteristics of infancy, and die early, worn out as it were by their enormous and rapid increase. Magrath, an Irishman, who stood seven feet eight inches without his shoes, died an old man at twenty years of age. On one occasion at Vienna, where some giants and dwarfs had been collected for the amusement of the court, the latter incessantly ridiculed the former; and upon a quarrel arising between two of them, the little morsel of pugnacity not only remained master of the field, but very nearly proved himself another Jack the Giant-killer.

Losing sight altogether of the positively dwarfish and gigantic, it is curious to remark, on comparing the ordinary departures from the medium height, above and below, that, in point of intellectual ability, the shorts carry off the palm from the longs. Alexander Pope was so low that it was necessary to raise his seat to enable him to reach the level of a common table. Dr. Isaac Watts was only a trifle higher, and is said to have improvised the lines, on overhearing a comment upon his appearance,

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I must be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man."

Moore the poet, Chateaubriand, and Wilberforce, are other examples. Nelson and Napoleon were not great in stature; and the names of two great living statesmen, in England and France, both of whom have been prime ministers, will occur to most readers. It is not desirable to be noticeably low or high, though of no real consequence; but in either case, it is all-important to be distinguished by the observance of whatsoever things are true, lovely, and of good report.